

THE ROCKS OF MORAGA.

By Mortimer O. Wilcox.

AT THE hotel for Americans which used to front the sea, the outcast white men in Baguak gathered as the hours went by and discussed their situation.

They filled the place with a hubbub of dissenting voices, a shifting, uncertain crowd, the refuse largely of our Army of the Philippines. Hardly a man of them but had and it better for his health to leave Manila for this out-of-the-way port from which the last steamer now had hurried. Baguak, too far to the south, was not worth holding; the American forces had withdrawn from the exposed coast. The Americans had not been invited to follow into safety. Their discontent was none the less because they deserved no better. They were obliged to turn for comfort to Amigo James, the educated chief of a Filipino tribe, and of him they had their doubts. He, however, had sworn eternal friendship and blood-brotherhood; and the wild Melanoid men from the interior were swarming down upon the exposed coast, clouds of open enemies who shut off Baguak from the eastward.

"And what's the matter with Amigo James?" bawled one Fitzmorris above the din. "He treats us like enemies anyway." Fitzmorris was a contractor, more thrifty than patriotic, and was lucky not to be in iron. "Amigo James is all right," replied Jimmie Peters, "only—oh, well, he and that S. S. ain't such awful friends, I guess. And that's all right, too. Let's stay with him, I say, wherever he goes."

Jimmie was spokesman for half a dozen other mutinous, red-eyed ex-Fitzmorris, who all professed to be discharged men, although three at least had deserted from the colors. With a magnificent irresponsibility, they were trying to get drunk now in the presence of a Filipino tribe.

Young Harry French stood and looked with disdain at the bawling crowd. There are two ways to bring out the innate decency of a man—to let him have good surroundings, or to put him among conditions which are too vile, and trust to the force of natural reaction. "Oh, let's not be babies," he advised. "Let's try to act like white men. We might get through this yet."

This suggestion found no favor with the others, infected already with an Oriental fatalism. French made it principally to ease his own mind, and afterward went out like good Americans. Allen had had some kind of a business in Baguak, and knew the islands pretty well.

"What do you think of this?" asked French.

"Well," replied the other, "I have my idea of Amigo James. Still, I guess that he's not in with the Melanoids yet, and he might make a good thing of it by standing as our friend. He's playing this for what? To be sure, most of us are on the outs with our Uncle Sam. You are not, though, are you?"

"No," replied Harry. "I guess I'd pass all right. That doesn't help me, here I am, and I don't get back any more than I came."

"Well," said Allen, "there ain't any search warrants out for me either, that I know of. Just the same I haven't any great use for the government. I don't much believe in Amigo James, and the fellows in there won't listen to me, but I guess I'll have to stay with them. What little stuff I have is here; what I want is to get back peacefully to the States with enough to keep me alive. I've been out here for sixteen years now; I'm on the wrong side of the forties. He pulled at his cigar in joyous reminiscence. "I was foolish back there," he added, "but I've learned one thing—that it doesn't pay to be sentimental. No, sir, you're doing about enough if you look out for yourself."

These cynical reflections were interrupted by an outcry from the roomful of men. A figure had bounded in from the street, gestulating and chattering fluently; the light of a torch flared upon the swarthy face and snow-white clothes. "The Melanoid men are in the upper town!" cried Amigo James. "They are getting up camp, to capture the city at daybreak. Brothers, we must go."

One of the ex-privates lunged up against him unexpectedly and stared. "Why couldn't we join forces with them and stand them off?" a voice cried.

"You don't understand. They are in the upper town. And they are coming all the while—thousands of them. No, we must go to Moraga now; there is the only safety. You are our brothers and we will all go together."

"That's business," said Fitzmorris. "Let's go to Moraga then. I'll look after you. The United States won't do nothing for us, and we don't owe it nothing. And we won't be missed."

Jimmie Peters strolled to the door and met French coming in. "Get ready," he said to him. "We're all going to Moraga—wherever that is. But let's call around and wake up the American Citizen. Pity to leave him behind."

The two young fellows walked to the rear of the building, shook open a door, and entered a little room. They struck matches noisily, and a little Filipino awoke with a yell, and then raised a reflective brow from a heap of blankets. He was called The Citizen because his real name was hard to pronounce, and because he was an enthusiast.

"Come on," said Harry French. "Come and see the country. We've all got to forsake our native land and go among the heathen." He was staring about him as he spoke. "So this is our home, is it?" he asked.

"And my schoolroom," replied The Citizen, with proud regret. "Here, as well as I may, I teach the American civilization to the young who will come to me." He nodded solemnly toward the wall, on which was displayed a map of the United States, as furnished by some railroad time table.

"I point to that," explained The Citizen, swelling with the great idea. "I instruct these children; they too may be citizens there; they, too, have a share in that great world, and rise by merit to the lofty heights."

"Think of it!" responded Jimmie Peters. "And go to school? Well, bring along as a keepsake Citizen." The Citizen rolled up the blankets, the map and one or two other articles, and meekly trotted after them.

Already Amigo James's people were coming from various points where their belongings ready for a march. Fires were beginning to flare up redly in different parts of the town, dogs and people howled in the panic, and now and then the sound of shot came

running and echoing down the pandemonium streets. Day dawned on the little group of outcast westerners leaving the city by the southern side. They stopped and looked back after a while; the broad daylight had come, but another sort of night had fallen again on Baguak. In the blazing streets, beaten they fairly cleared them, men had been put to death by tortures quaint and curious.

"But they're used to it by now," explained Clayton Allen. "Town's been getting that sort of thing from the Malay pirates off and on for three hundred years."

"Good thing we're out," said Fitzmorris. "Oh, I saw from the start that our play was to go along as the friends of Amigo James."

"Yes, or his prisoners," observed Allen, musingly.

The idea did not affect the others much. They had an impression that their departure was a proper rebuke to the United States, and one that would be remembered. Before them stretched an unmapped world; for they had left a hill which was visible from Baguak, and when this had faded into the mist behind them it was as though a gate had closed which had shut out the old lives. They went on and one—principally because they were tired—across rivers and mountain ranges, and down through fragrant valleys. It occurred to some of them that it would not be a bad idea to linger in these places and allow the docile natives to wait upon them forever. But Moraga lay beyond.

Amigo James, the ever poised, took pains to keep them in good heart. Moraga was always just a little further on, but was a lovely town, and there they might rest in perfect safety. "Where they not his friends?" asked Allen one day to the other. "Well, I don't know that they need come to grief—not if he will hold off from the Melanoid men. We might be kind of good cards for him to play; his allies, you know, who can't approve of our own government, and who have gone over to join him. Understand?"

Harry French started up in wrath. "You wouldn't do that?" he exclaimed.

The elder man looked at him with contracted brows. "Oh, I'm not saying," he replied. "But what property I've got is in the reach of Amigo's people. And I rather think it will be that or trouble. Afterward, however, in private, he promised French not to agree to anything without a vote of the party."

Fear was now beginning to take hold on them, but they covered it over with grumbling or attempted jokes. The Citizen, who knew as little of this strange country as any of them, was the object of their hollow mirth. Somebody had taught him to play upon a mouth-organ about half through one piece: "She Had Never Seen the Streets of Cairo." They assured him that this was a national air of the land which he so adored, and his painful tootings used to sound out like a dirge in the evening from the camping places, to the amazement of the tribes who silently opened before them and closed in upon their rear.

One day, just before dusk, they crossed a river and made camp on the further side. The panic was visibly increasing, and Amigo James addressed them in flowers of speech to make them feel easy. He took several oaths that their enemies were his enemies, and that Moraga was just beyond the next hill. After he was gone the Americans held a council and Allen summed up matters: "We've got to seem to trust him; we can't go back. It may be all right. But we'll need to stay well together now and keep our eyes well open."

Fitzmorris sneered sickly. "Much good that will do us here," he said. "Oh, why did we ever come to such a place?"

Later, when camp was quiet, Allen took Harry French to one side. "I don't know," he said, "but I rather think that Amigo James has been away talking business with the Melanoid men. If he has, it's all off. We must go along with him, dear friends, and all that, until he shows his hand, and if it's what I'm beginning to believe on, well, we're armed party, we can make them awfully sick for a few minutes anyway. And as Fitzmorris said, we won't be missed."

The younger man sat in a gloomy reflection. I hate this," he exclaimed. "I'm on both sides! What's the use of our fighting it out? It won't make any difference. You know yourself that it isn't good. I believe I'm getting holy."

"You've got whatever conscience there is in this crowd I guess," said Allen at length. "But look here, Harry. I've knocked about for quite a while, and I tell you what, I've found that life is a pretty mixed up sort of a proposition. It isn't like the stories in the school books, where it's as plain as a post that you've got to do in order to finish a favorite. Some people, when they get on to a course that they can't see the end of will keep saying: 'This way is good; this way is good; when it isn't good. But the question is, wouldn't any other way be worse? Can we back out now and be men? No, we must take things as they come.'"

The two were silent for a while, listening glumly to the river which swelled ever greater with the rains. Allen spoke again with a kind of prophetic conviction. "Harry, we won't see this place again." After that the two kept their own counsel, and went forward into a future of which they guessed nothing, except that they could face it.

At last upon a day they saw high rocks ahead of them, and presently Harry French, the elder, and flowers, a long, slow thunder. A vista opened among the rocks and revealed a blue expanse, and Harry French, who had some education, shouted like the wandering Greeks: "Thalatta!"

"How so?" asked Jimmie Peters, who would not appear ignorant.

It was the sea, but it washed upon unknown shores, and in all the wide expanse they saw no sails or smoke-clouds. The rocks ran down by precipitous deep water, and there were no villages; but upon the very crest of the cliffs appeared some kind of stone building—a castle or a ruin.

Up to this place the Americans toiled, and many natives with them. Moraga was nothing but a low, circular wall, inclosing a double apartment or pen; in one of these a few stores were piled; the other might serve as a sleeping place, or a prison. They looked rather blankly at this, the end of their journeyings, and as blankly upon the empty sea. And then they



The Boy . . . Waved the Colors Frantically.

looked back to where Amigo James was, and saw two men, in the dress which the chiefs of the Melanoids wear, standing in the open space beside him. These three came forward, and behind them long rows of armed men had closed upon the place and waited for a word. Amigo James stopped and looked at his late brothers, a dignified joy was on his face, and he made with his arms a sweeping gesture toward them, as one might say, in another language: "I have delivered the goods."

But Allen walked to Amigo James, a half-mile on his lips, and with the butt end of a rifle he struck him in the face, two quick and furious blows; the thud of these and of the falling body sounded ominously in the stillness. Standing for a moment in leisurely contempt above the prostrate one, Allen glanced back at the others, as though with a sort of fleeting satisfaction at having told them so. "Inside the wall, boys," he directed, and strode on after them, the rifle under his arm. The natives went out as they came in; with a kind of awkward solemnity the two forces moved apart—only the fallen figure of Amigo James lay quiet in the sunshine.

It would seem likely that Allen, in this stroke of reckless audacity, may have acted from a deep knowledge of the Oriental character. Everything had been prearranged, every way of escape cut off; it was the sudden and paralyzing change into the offensive on the part of the ridiculous handful which acted like hypnotism upon the troops of the tropics. None the less, were these certain of their prey. Below, among the rocks and groves, near and far, the brown men armed and armed, while Amigo James and Allen, the coast the clouds of risk smoke showed how the trap was closing. The handful upon the high rocks looked attentively at what was around them and what they had to do, and as the absurdity of their making a strategy appeared to them, for the first time in days they laughed.

But one among them did not laugh, and he came forward eagerly and threw something upon the ground. "What's The Citizen got to do with somebody asked. The Citizen unrolled his bundle, and rising, proudly displayed a strip of dingy bunting on a stick. It was an American flag.

They looked at it in silence for awhile. The Citizen went and planted it in the low wall. "Oh, well, let her stay there," said one; and then turned to take stock of their ammunition. In half an hour came the first assault, and they beat this off by the mere blind instinct of fighting, not having the slightest idea that they would live to see the sun go down.

On the low stone wall, hardly more than a breastwork, there burst in the days that followed sixteen assaults, and they were only a dozen riflemen and westerners. The ex-privates fought as they never had fought in the service, and all of them used humorously to grumble because their deeds of courage could not be called official. Fitzmorris collapsed early, but the others were tough subjects. "Rally to the colors!" got to be the word when the assaults were coming; and afterward, when the swarms of frantic brown men had wavered and vanished away, the humor of their being there still would strike the stubborn handful and move them to new laughter. At other times they would descend, but Allen and young French held them ruthlessly up to their work, and threatened and chaffed by turns those who were the nearest to despair. Upon Allen, with a sure instinct, they had shouldered the "thick task of leadership, and he rose to responsibility with the unguessed strength of the men who speak English. They used to poke rude sarcasm at his plans and regulations, and had in the bottom of their hearts an unreasoning confidence that he would bring them through.

Among them all the most cheerful was The Citizen. He was a mere brown wisp among the lean giants whose skin was so fair beneath their tatters. He was enthusiastic for an organized government at once, according to the constitution of "You go easy, Citizen," the leader would advise. "You're coming along splendidly, and your theory is fine, but you mustn't apply it too fast." "Might start a newspaper, though," suggested Harry French, "and criticize this way Mr. Allen's conducting matters." At other times, The Citizen would take to his mouth organ and play, while they encouraged him with ironical compliments or beat time on the rocks to his single tune. It was all the martial music they had, and the wondering tribes used to listen while there floated down to them in the val-

leys those mournful strains by which The Citizen expressed his fervid patriotism.

She never had seen the streets of Cairo, On the Midway she had never stayed.

Sometimes they would be undisturbed for days, and would sit and watch the sun go slowly down into the sea, and wonder with a curious interest, what stranger lands might lie beyond their view. The rains, however, became more frequent, they were bathed in alternate sunshine and pouring clouds, and they had water enough, but almost no food at last. All their sensations were being reduced to two fierce cravings, for food and for the lives of enemies, and they dropped off one by one. Jimmie Peters killed a chief of the Melanoid men, knocking him over cleanly at 500 yards, as though it had been big game shooting. And Jimmie Peters was killed himself in beating off one of the assaults. They got him inside, still breathing, and his last remarks were made as he looked up at the flag, which still fluttered upon the wall: "Good old dishrag!" he said. "She never comes down." They waved it three times over the body in salute, but fired away no cartridges.

Mr. Allen still had half of a cigar, and always believed that he would live to smoke this. He got upon the wall one day, and putting the stub between his teeth, felt longingly for a match. Then he dropped the tobacco into his pocket, and stood staring down the valleys, darkened already by approaching twilight. In the glow of the sunset his figure looked miles high, as he turned to the others and said gravely: "Boys, here comes the Seventeenth."

The Melanoid men advanced with numbers too uneven, mad to finish it this time, and avenge their leaders. They poured up to the wall and over; the lean white forms went reeling back, borne down and overwhelmed. Allen himself, beaten to his knees, looked across at Harry French, and saw the latter, like one of the natives, run to the wall and tear down

the dingy flag. Allen got to his feet again with a supreme last effort.

"Oh, hold on, Harry," he cried. "Don't do that."

But the boy, with a shout which broke into a joyful cackle, turned and waved the colored frantically toward where below upon the water was another flag like theirs.

Lieutenant Tompkins of the Gelsha Girl sent three shells screaming over them, and the fighting ended; upon the high rocks the uproar died suddenly away into deep silence. Afterward Tompkins came ashore, and a queer

expression crept into his eyes when he saw what was left of the defenders of Moraga. But he himself, led by a rumor along the coasts of these white men who would not die, had come 600 miles through unknown seas to save them. He said:

"Huh, isn't much of a place, is it?" Allen turned aside to light the stump of a cigar. "No," he assented; "it's a kind of a good-for-nothing hole to live in. Much obliged to you, though."

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TOY TRADE OF THE WORLD

America Is Beginning to Take the Lead Over Germany in It.

(New York Tribune.)

"A Miniature Noah's Ark Arrives" is a favorite headline in the newspapers at this time of the year. Interpreted, it means that a ship has come to port loaded from stem to stern with toy animals from Germany. Queer things many of them are. So grotesque looking are the cows and the horses and the soldiers sent to the American child from Germany that many a little man in kilts and woman who can't help the name of the imported creation resents the appearance of the present as an insult to budding American intelligence.

But all this is rapidly being changed. American toys for American children is the new order of things. Instead of the extraordinary looking fire apparatus that Germany has been sending us for a child's toy, we now make hook and ladder and fire engine toys true to the American pattern, and so large and able bodied that they can actually be used by older boys in extinguishing miniature fires. The solid wooden horse that we have been in the habit of purchasing by the shipload from the Fatherland is now replaced by up to date toy horses of the American kind, with movable limbs and so many improvements that they can do almost anything but jump fences.

Naturally the American toy maker has given us that great source of delight to the little men and women of this country, the toy circus. How on earth could a German toy maker be expected to give us a miniature American circus? If he ever saw one it was only for a fleeting hour when one of the American shows paid a flying visit to his native town. To make a toy circus that would pass muster with the critical boy and girl of this land the designer must have lived through the period of boyhood or girlhood in the land of the free and the home of the circus. It is not to be wondered at that with the toy circus competing with the wooden village of the German exporter the shiploads of toys from abroad are destined to become smaller and fewer.

But the most remarkable thing about the rise of the toy industry in America is that we are actually shipping these playthings to Europe and cutting in on the trade of the German toy maker himself. This strange fact is explained by one of the toy exporters in this way:

"The great trouble with the German maker of toys is that he is wedded to his models. For generations the toy trade has been in the hands of the villager of Germany. Men, women and

children have had a hand in the making of the toys. The work has been handed down from generation to generation, but the stolid villager has never entertained the idea of changing his models. As he was taught by his father to make toys, so he has continued to make them, and so his son and his daughter will continue to make them, unless an American ever and mothers, like a change. The toys of the previous Christmas have lost their charm. Toys of exactly the same appearance, with only the added advantage of newness, do not appeal to the exacting American child. He not only wants a new toy, but a new kind of toy. The astute American toy maker gives it to him. He does what the American business man in every line does, he gives time to devising something new and original. Result, the German toy is passed over for the home made article, cast in a newer mold, looking like something that is rather than in America, but in a substantial manner.

"This last may seem a contradiction to the accepted idea, which is that solidness is a virtue that obtains abroad rather than in America, but in the matter of toys we have the call on substantiality. The reason is that the Germans are still following their primitive methods in toy making, while Americans have invented machinery for making toys, and so have insured all the parts being uniform and close fitting.

"Then, again, our toys are not mere playthings for an hour. They are practical things. The imported boats, made by villagers who never saw the sea, will not float. The yacht turns turtle as soon as the child tries it on one of our lakes. Our yachts are built to scale and are made to sail. They are as accurately designed as a cup defender and are as trim in their lines and as carefully fitted with their sails as the model yachts of the clubs. Our supremacy in the selling world has created a demand for the American toy yacht, and it is safe to say that in a few years or less the child who sails a toy boat on the lakes of European parks will be envious of his playmates if he can proudly point to his miniature craft and say: 'Mine was made in America.'"

NOT ON THE PLATFORM.

(Catholic Standard.)

"Gents," said the trolley car conductor, "you mustn't stand on the back platform. Y'er breaking the rules."

"Some of 'em ain't piped up the little man," they're standin' on my feet."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Wife—Why, I have had this hat for several months.

Husband—I never saw it before.

Wife—I know. I only wear it to church.

Good Sport But a Poor Worker

Continued from Page 4.

tage of the opportunity to secure education for their boys, while in other localities the holy men interfere and warn the people that the children should be kept at work in the rice fields when they are not studying the Koran. The attempt to instruct girls in sewing, weaving and other feminine accomplishments has met with very little response from the people. It is unlikely that there will ever be much encouragement to the cause of female education. The prejudices of the conservatism have not in time, but the outlook is very discouraging.

Malays Versus Filipinos.

One of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of the country is the same old confronted our authorities in the Philippines, namely, the use of so many different dialects among the population. The difficulty of teaching English to the Malay children is that they have so little opportunity to speak the language out of school hours. A sufficient number of them cannot be induced to attend school to warrant the hope that it will ever become the common language. In one thickly settled locality an English school had to be abolished because only three pupils attended. It developed that these were the sons of the Sultan, and as soon as the novelty wore off they lost interest and failed to attend.

As an encouraging contrast to this may be cited the increase of desire for education in the Philippines, where over 500,000 children of the masses are in daily attendance at the common schools. The difference is accounted for by the fact that the Philippines are Catholics and the Malays are not. Whatever may be said in disparagement of Spanish rule in the southern archipelago, there can be no discounting the credit due the friars for introducing Christianity. The Filipinos are not the highest type of believers, but they are better appreciated after seeing the Malays.

One of the advantages to be found in the Malay states is a good system of public roads. The highways are maintained at the expense of the government without any toll being charged for their use. The bridges are of a substantial character and are capable of sustaining all kinds of wheel traffic. The roads are durable on account of being surfaced with granite or limestone, and are generally kept in good order. Where the traffic is not sufficient to warrant the construction of roads, hundreds of miles of bridge paths have been constructed. On the whole the system of roads in the Malay states is probably unsurpassed in the east.

Malays Are Fishermen.

A large portion of the east coast Malays depend principally upon the fishing industry. On account of their catch being used almost entirely for

home consumption, there are no restrictions in the way of taxes. There are hundreds of kinds of sea fish in the waters along the coast and they are obtained in large quantities, but this supply is not available for the use of the inhabitants of inland districts, because it is impossible to keep the fish fresh for more than a few hours. In the interior all Malays have equal rights to fish in the rivers, but each owner of a swamp or pond maintains the exclusive right to fish in his own property. The fishermen in most of the eastern countries are known as a bad lot, and there are often serious disturbances among them.

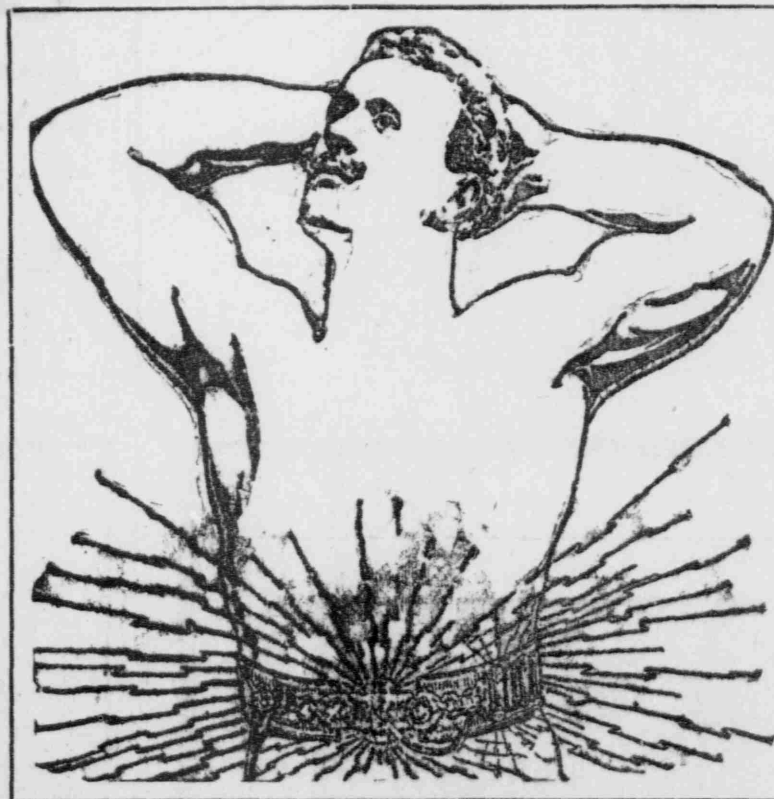
The national sport of the Filipinos is cock-fighting, but the Malays amuse themselves by matching pugnacious little fishes called Karlin. These tiny warriors are so vicious that when two of them are pitted against each other they will fight to the death. Great interest is displayed in each of these kind, bets being freely laid on the outcome. A popular form of fishing which is now prohibited by law, was dragging the fish by means of the tuba root, then spearing them as they floated on the surface. Before the prohibitive law was passed a tuba fish was the stock entertainment of the Malay Rajas on their state occasions.

A Treasure Mountain.

The state of Pahang boasts the highest summit of the peninsula. It is called "the Mountain of Opposition," and has never yet been ascended by man. The nearest that any expedition has approached to the summit is a distance of ten miles. This mountain is set apart and does not appear to belong to the range which penetrates the country. The natives believe that there is a great store of treasure on top of this impregnable pile which is being jealously guarded by demons. It is also believed that the spirit guardians never sleep and have the power of visiting bodily harm on any human being who attempts to rob the mountain of its treasure. This opinion was very much strengthened by the recent death of an European who was drowned while endeavoring to cross one of the upland streams.

Included in the population of the Malay states are several tribes of aboriginals, who are never seen in the vicinity of towns or villages. They live entirely in the jungle. They wear no clothes at all except twisted strips of bark for waist cloths. Their weapons are bows and blow pipes from which they eject poisoned arrows and darts. For taking larger game they use poisoned bamboo spears several feet in length. It is said that the vocabulary of their dialect is so small that they have no words to express numbers higher than three or four. These jungle dwellers avoid the approach of strangers with the instinct of wild animals.

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Gratefully yours,

Battle Mountain,

Dear Sir:

You wish to know if your Belt has cured me. I must say that it has, the lame back that I used to be taken down with every little while, and which was gradually getting more painful, has left me completely some time since. Now I can lift even a heavy weight and feel no effects of the strain. Just as I have told dozens of my friends and neighbors, I will say to you,—that I would rather sacrifice \$500 than give up my Belt. But people are so hard to convince! I am sending you to-day the name of a friend who, a short time ago, sent for me to come over and see him. I found him a very sick man, to him of the help your Belt had been to me, and wanted him to get one. But he had seen a cheap eastern Belt advertised and decided to send for it. He had the usual experience, received a cheap, shoddy looking affair that burned him and finally gave out altogether. Now, he is willing to send for one of your make. I and my wife have given your belt a good test and must say that we both feel fine. We would never be without a Belt whether we have constant use for it or not, as a Belt is far ahead of a medicine chest for use in a home.

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